

The Holt County Sentinel.

VOLUME III.

OREGON, MISSOURI, FRIDAY, NOV. 15, 1867.

NUMBER 19.

Cards.

HORACE COOPER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
Real Estate Agent.
OREGON, MISSOURI.
Office one door West City Hotel, up stairs.
1119-ly

ZOOK & SCOTT,
Bankers and Dealers in Exchange,
AND
REAL ESTATE,
OREGON, MO.
Do a general banking business. Deposits received. Collections made.
11-6-ly

IRA C. BUZICK,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
OREGON, MISSOURI.
1837-ly

DR. G. M. EDSON,
DENTIST!
North Public Square,
OREGON, MISSOURI.
1861-ly

**FOR THE BEST AND
Cheapest Wagons,
CALL AT DEMUTH'S
BLACKSMITH SHOP,
FOREST CITY, MO.
We have a full supply always on hand.
11-6-ly**

Christian Krauss,
LAGER BEER BREWER,
FOREST CITY MISSOURI.

HAVING purchased the interest of
Mr. Guste Rucker, will continue business
at the old stand.

JAMES H. NIES,
DEALER IN STOVES,
AND MANUFACTURER OF
TIN, COPPER, AND SHEET IRON WARE,
Northeast corner of Public square,
OREGON, MISSOURI.
Old Copper, Brass, and Pewter taken in
exchange for Tinware.
1860-ly

W. D. SICELUFF, T. B. WEAVER,
W. D. SICELUFF & Co.,
WHOLESALE
GROCERIES,
Foreign and Domestic Liquors,
No. 10, Second Street,
ST. JOSEPH, MISSOURI.
1188-ly

FAIRBANKS & SEARGEANT,
No. 6, FOURTH ST.,
ST. JOSEPH, MISSOURI.
Importers and Jobbers of
Cutlery, Shelf, and Heavy
Hardware,
AGRICULTURAL TOOLS, &c.
T. FAIRBANKS, JAS. W. SEARGEANT,
Late T. Fairbank & Co. Late with Sheldon
& Co., N. Y. Recently with Pratt & Fox,
St. Louis.
48-ly

WOOLWORTH & COLT,
BOOK BINDERS,
And Dealers in

**BOOKS, STATIONERY,
Paper Hangings, and Printer's Stock,
No. 12 Second street,
ST. JOSEPH, MO.
Cash paid for flags.
sep27 12-ly**

Karl F. Horst,
HOUSE, SIGN, AND ORNAMENTAL
PAINTER.
Paper Hanger, and Grainer of Wood.
Decorative Painting and finishing
neatly executed.
Also—
House Carpenter, Cabinet
Maker,
and Carver of Wood.
Window Shutters manufactured, Fur-
niture repaired.
85-70-ly
FOREST CITY, MO.

**FAIRBANKS Standard
Scales of all kinds**
Fairbanks, Greenleaf & Co., 236
Lake street, CHICAGO.
209 Market street, ST. LOUIS.
Be careful to buy only the genuine.
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**BLANK DEEDS—
A SUPPLY ALWAYS ON HAND AT THE
SOUTHERN OFFICE. Can supply all demand.
for blank.**

**SATISFACTION GUARANTEED—
The best and cheapest Photographs at Cer-
tain's Gallery, Oregon, Mo.**

**PAMPHLET PRINTING done at the
Sentinel Office, at city prices.**

**GREAT BARGAINS
IN
WATCHES, CLOCKS, AND
JEWELRY!**
I will sell at cost all my new and second hand
Clocks, Watches, and Jewelry. Repairing done
at low prices. WM. COTTER.
1126-17

H. MURPHY.
Successor to
J. MURPHY & CO.,
MERCHANT TAILORS,
OREGON, MO.
READY MADE CLOTHING, and goods of the
very latest styles, always on hand. Suits
made on short notice, and best style. Call and
see the Largest, Best, and most Complete Stock
of Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods, ever offered in
this city.
187-ly

Family Groceries.

H. G. SCHULTE,
AT HIS OLD STAND is constantly
receiving fresh
Groceries of All Kinds.
He has added to his stock an assortment of
WOODEN-WARE,
and
WILLOW-WARE,
GLASS, SASH, AND PUTTY.
FLOUR, of the best brands, and CORN
MEAL always on hand. Call and examine
goods and compare prices.
11-6-ly

LOOK OUT!

BOOTS AND SHOES.
Eastern and Custom Made Work, at
CASTLE AND LEHMER'S

IRA PETER,
DEALER IN
Drugs and Books,
Main street, North side of Public Square,
Oregon, Missouri.

**THE
BOARDMAN, GRAY & CO.
PIANO-FORTES,**
Wholesale Agency.

The subscriber, late member of this well known
firm has established a
WHOLESALE AGENCY,
788 Broadway, New York City,

Where he will be pleased to receive the orders
of his friends and the public, and especially to
hear from those who have so liberally bestowed
their patronage on the firm heretofore. He will
supply these superior instruments to the trade
at the very lowest prices.
Made with the Insulated Iron Rim and Frame
(cast in one solid plate). They excel all others
in durability, superiority of tone and eleg-
ance of external appearance.
All these Pianos have overstrung Scales, giving
in connection with the patent iron rim and
frame, Full Round Powerful, and Sweet Bellows
Tones. The Cases are elegant in appearance,
and easily and safely handled.

Warranted to prove satisfactory, or
the money returned.

Address all orders to
SIBERIA OTT,
788 Broadway, N. Y.

Music Teachers

The subscriber is fully prepared to furnish
Sheet Music, String, Musical Instruments, and
Music Books of all kinds at the lowest trade
rates, from the largest collections in this coun-
try.

Orders punctually and faithfully attended to.

Address all orders to
SIBERIA OTT, 788 Broadway, N. Y.

Holt County Sentinel.
(WEEKLY.)
EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY
CHAS. W. BOWMAN.
OREGON, HOLT COUNTY, MO.
OFFICE—"SENTINEL BUILDING," opposite the
Furniture store of Walters & Berres.
One copy per year,.....\$ 2 00

COMIQUE.

ADVICE FOR BOTH SIDES.

The following reminds us of one of
the old spelling-book stories concerning
a farmer and a lawyer, in which it fi-
nally turned out that "it was your bull
that gored one of my oxen."

A countryman walked into the office
of a lawyer one day, and began his ap-
plication.

"Sir, I have come to get your advice
in a case that is giving me some trou-
ble."

"Well, what's the matter?"

"Suppose, now," said the client,
"that a man, had one spring of water
on his land, and his neighbor living be-
low should build a dam across the creek
through both farms, and it was to back
the water up into the other man's spring,
what ought to be done?"

"Sue him, sir, sue him, by all means,"
said the lawyer, who always became ex-
cited in proportion to the aggravation of
his clients. "You can recover heavy
damages, sir, and the law will make
him pay well for it. Just give me the
case, and I'll bring the money from him."

"But stop," cried the terrified ap-
plicant for legal advice. "It's I that have
built the dam, and it's neighbor Jones
that owns the spring, and he threatens
to sue me."

The keen lawyer hesitated a moment
before he tackled his ship and kept on.
"Ah! well, sir, you say you built a
dam across that creek. What sort of a
dam was it, sir?"

"It was a mill-dam."

"A mill-dam for grinding grain, was
it?"

"Yes, it was just that."

"And it is a good neighborhood mill,
is it?"

"So it is, sir, and you may well say
so."

"And all your neighbors bring their
grain to be ground, do they?"

"Yes sir, all but Jones."

"Then it's a great public convenience,
is it not?"

"To be sure it is. I would not have
built it but for that. It is so far supe-
rior to any other mill, sir."

"And now," said the old lawyer,
"you tell me that Jones is complaining
just because the water from the dam
happens to put back into his little
spring, and he is now threatening to
sue you. Well, all I have to say is, let
him sue, and he'll rue the day as sure
as my name is Barnes."

A QUAKER having lost a quarter of
mutton by a lawyer's dog, repaired to
the office of the lawyer, and said: "I
have come to take a piece of thy ad-
vice. Suppose a dog carried off a leg
of mutton from me where do I look for
pay, to the dog or his owner?" "Oh,"
said the man of the quill, "to the own-
er of the dog; he is responsible for any
damage the dog does you." Said broad-
brim: "These owes me seventy-five
cents." "Ah!" said the lawyer, "then
my dog did the mischief? Well, here
is the money." The face of the Quak-
er expanded with a smile at his shrewd-
ness, forestalling the opinion of the
lawyer, and he was making his exit
from the office, when he was brought to
a halt by the lawyer saying: "I have
a small bill against you, my friend!"
"Ah! for what?" said the Quaker.
"For advice in the dog case—two dol-
lars," was the reply. This was a pos-
er, being strictly legal, and the low-
est fee in the calendar for advice, there
was no dodging, so the money was
forked over, and shad-belly departed a
wiser if not a better man.

A WHOLESALE fellow walked into a
room where they were talking politics,
and stretching himself up to his full
height, exclaimed in a loud voice:

"Where a Radical? Show me a
Radical, gentlemen, and I'll show you
a liar!"

In answer a man exclaimed:
"I am a Radical, sir!"

"Yes, I am."

"Well, just you step round the cor-
ner with me, and I'll show you a fel-
low who said I couldn't find a Radical
in the ward. Ain't he a liar, I should
like to know?"

MISCELLANEA.
ARTICLES UPON LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, POLITI-
CAL, AND OTHER TOPICS OF GENERAL INTEREST,
ARE SOLICITED FOR THIS DEPARTMENT.

THE BETROTHED.

A Tale of the Santee.

BY THE AUTHOR OF MARION'S MEN, &c.

"Our band is few, but true and tried,
Our leader frank and bold;
The British soldier trembles
When Marion's name is told,
Our fortress is the good green wood,
Our tent the spotted tree,
We know the forest round us,
As seamen know the sea."

Woe to the English soldier
That little dread us near!
On them shall light at midnight
A strange and sudden fear."—[BRYANT.]

The family of Mr. Newton were as-
sembled in the little parlor where they
were accustomed to spend their evenings.

Mr. Newton himself, a venerable gen-
tleman from the old school, was silent-
ly reading a stray English newspaper;
his wife, a matron but a few years
younger, sat engaged with her knitting,
as was then fashionable; and their only
surviving child, a beautiful girl of nine-
teen, and the pledge of their old age,
occupied herself with a rare piece of
embroidery such as would put to shame
the boasted needle work of our own day.
Suddenly the door opened, and the grey
wooly head of an old butler was thrust
in.

"A note for Missus Emily," said he,
as he presented it to her on a small sil-
ver waiter.

The young lady arose, but the instant
she saw the superscription of the note,
her face became a deathly pallor. Strug-
gling, however, to conceal her emotion,
so that it should not be perceptible to
her parents she walked with a firm step
into the hall, and pausing beneath
the great lamp which hung in the pas-
sage, tore open the note with trembling
fingers, and began eagerly to read it.

The contents whatever they were,
powerfully agitated the reader; and she
was forced to lean against the banister
of the stair-case to prevent falling.

"Shall I bring you a glass of water?"
said the old butler, who stood at a re-
spectful distance while she read the
note.

She started, for she had not been
aware of his presence, and grasped for
breath as if about to speak. With an
effort she asked—

"Who brought this note, Johnson?"

"It was left here by a horseman,"
he said in a whisper. "I believe—I am
positive it was one of Capt. Elwyn's
men. He told me what had happened,
and begged me to deliver the note to
you immediately."

Emily paused before she replied. The
period of our story was that dark and
melancholy era in the history of the
revolution, when Cornwallis, having
overrun South Carolina, had expressed
a determination to extinguish the last
spark of rebellion—a period when to be
suspected of being a patriot was almost
certain ruin, and when such of the Whigs
as fell into the hands of royalists' power
expiated their offence with life. The
note in Emily's hand informed her that
he to whom she was betrothed, had been
captured by the royalists, and was to be
executed on the succeeding day. Well,
therefore, might poor Emily tremble.
But her weakness was only mo-
mentary. She knew it would be use-
less to apply to her parents in this
emergency. The age of her father had
kept him neutral hitherto, and Emily
was unwilling to compromise him now,
and, by so doing, endanger his life. Every
other consideration connected
with her situation also passed rapidly
before her. In a few minutes her plan
was resolved on, and it was one that
called for all her energy and high re-
solve to execute.

Emily, however, was a woman to
shrink at no common obstacles in the
cause of those she loved. And fervent-
ly, ay, with her whole heart, she loved
the gallant and courageous Captain
Elwyn. They had been acquainted from
childhood, the father of Capt. Elwyn
having resided on a plantation con-
tiguous to that of Mr. Newton. On the
breaking out of the war of Indepen-
dence, the young man had entered the
American army and his father dying
shortly before the fall of Charleston,
Capt. Elwyn's estate had since been
confiscated by the royal government. Emily
had been long secretly engaged to
the active young partisan, but her
father, though he had consented to the
betrothal, had refused to assent to the
nuptials until the termination of the war.

Such was the condition of circum-
stances when this note was put into
Emily's hands. The missive was writ-
ten by one of the troop of mounted vol-
unteers which Elwyn had raised on his
own responsibility after the fall of
Charleston. In hasty words the note
informed her that, on the preceding
evening, a detachment of their force
had been assailed by superior numbers,
most of them slain and their leader made
prisoner. The writer had with difficul-
ty escaped. He had lingered long
enough in the enemy's post whither
Captain Elwyn had been carried, to
learn that the young officer, after a
hasty examination, had been ordered to
be hung as a traitor on the ensuing day.
Lost to all hope, he had suddenly tho't
of Miss Newton, whose betrothal to
his leader he was one of the few cogni-
zant of and had written and delivered
this note, after which he had made the
best of his way out of the perilous neigh-
borhood.

"Johnson," she said, looking sudden-
ly up, "you did right in not alarming
my parents. Say nothing to them of
this. But go quietly and saddle two
horses, one for me and one for yourself.
Come for me at nine o'clock by which
time my parents will have retired. I am
going over to the British post."

The old butler looked up in surprise.
Every trace of paleness had vanished
from the cheek of his mistress: and in
her brilliant eye and heightened color
shone forth decision and energy.

When Emily found herself alone in
her chamber, however, her composure
again deserted her, and she burst into
a flood of tears. All the perils of the
expedition rose before her. The world
might say harsh things of a maiden who
thus, in the dead of night would ride
forth on such an errand. Besides it
was two hours' journey to the British
post and when she arrived there it might
be too late to see the commanding offi-
cer. She knew not for what hour on
the following morning the execution
was fixed, but if she did not see the
English commander that night, she
feared she would fail to obtain an in-
terview in the morning. Yet she dared
not set forth sooner, lest her parents
should discover her intention, and inter-
pose their authority. Thus this noble
and heroic girl was the prey of harass-
ing emotions. But religion, in that
hour of anguish came to her aid, and
kneeling by her bedside she prayed fer-
vently for strength from on high. She
was still in prayer when the old butler
came to announce to her that all was
ready.

It was approaching midnight when
Emily and her attendant rode into the
little village of—. The lights in the
inn proved that some of the villagers
were yet abroad. Shrouding her face
in her veil Emily waited with a palpit-
ating heart while her companion inquired
for the quarters of the commanding offi-
cer. They were at the inn itself; the
officer was waiting in his room; and
sending up word that a lady wished to
see him, Emily was soon ushered into
his presence. Her limbs almost refused
her support as leaning on the old but-
ler's arm she approached the door of
the parlor where the interview was to
take place.

"Miss Newton!" exclaimed a famili-
ar voice in a strong surprise as she en-
tered, while the occupant of the room
bastily rose to hand her a chair. "This
is an unexpected honor," and his eyes
sparkled with pleasure.

"Col. Thorn!" exclaimed Emily in a
no less surprised tone, for in the com-
manding officer she recognized a reject-
ed admirer, nor did the discovery calm
her agitation or lessen her fears.

"I beg you to be seated," said he,
with love-like deference, "pray, has
any thing happened to Mr. Newton?
Your coming alarms me. But, rely on
my aid, to do anything you ask."

These encouraging words partially
allayed Emily's fears, yet she felt a
strong repugnance to ask a rejected lover
for the life of Captain Elwyn. For a
moment, therefore, she shrunk from
her task. But, seeing that Col. Thorn
still kept silence, she remembered all
that hung upon her interview and gathered
boldness to speak.

"Nothing has happened to Mr. New-
ton, all are well at the park. But we
have just heard that an old and esteem-
ed neighbor has been made a prisoner,
and is to die to-morrow—Captain El-
wyn, I mean—and I have come to beg
his life. I knew not when I set forth
that you commanded at this post, or I
should have spared myself the agony of
the last three hours' suspense."

The brow of her listener had dark-
ened at the mention of the prisoner's name,
and his eyes were keenly and meaningly
fixed on Emily while she concluded.

She felt that Colonel Thorn was reading
her secret: her voice faltered, and her
cheek grew pale.

"Nay! this is a boon beyond my pow-
er to grant," said the officer, in an excit-
ed tone—"nor did I suppose Miss New-
ton had learned to plead for rebels,
when I expressed my willingness to ac-
cede to her wishes. Capt. Elwyn must
die."

Emily looked at the compressed lip
and saw the angry gleam of the speak-
er's eye and her heart died within her.
But despair gave her new courage.

"Say not so," she exclaimed, "you
can and will save his life. You are all
powerful at this post. My—our eternal
gratitude will be yours." She stopped
in confusion, conscious that she had be-
trayed herself.

"Do your parents know you are here?"
said Colonel Thorn suddenly, pausing
in the hurried strides he was taking to
and fro; then witnessing her embar-
rassment at his question, and reading
in it the confirmation of his suspi-
cions, he added with cold civility. "Al-
low me, Miss, to send an escort to see
you safely home. It ill befits a young
woman of birth and education to be rid-
ing over the country at night on Quix-
otic errands."

There was a sneering tone in the lat-
ter part of his speech, which would have
paralyzed all hope but in the heart of a
devoted woman. Emily saw that jeal-
ousy of his rival prompted this ungen-
erous speech; and in terror for her lov-
er, all maidenly reserve was forgot.

"Oh! be not so harsh—so cruel,"
she cried, rising and seizing the officer's
coat as he turned towards the door.
"Spare the life of Captain Elwyn! Do
not visit on him your anger at me. See,
here I kneel for this boon. Grant my
petition and I will ever pray for you.
Look into your heart and be generous!"

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not visit on him your anger at me. See,
here I kneel for this boon. Grant my
petition and I will ever pray for you.
Look into your heart and be generous!"

"Rise Miss Newton," said her reject-
ed lover haughtily, "you forget your-
self and me. Capt. Elwyn must die.
He is a rebel and shall suffer as such,"
exclaimed Col. Thorn with energy, stung
to perfect madness, and every noble
feeling banished from his heart by jeal-
ousy. "As he has sown, so must he
reap."

"Nay! have mercy on him, as you
hope for mercy hereafter yourself," im-
plored Emily, clinging to him,
"or at least have mercy on me. Ask
anything you wish in return then," she
added impetuously, as she strove to dis-
engage herself from her, "command
me never to see Capt. Elwyn more, and
you shall be obeyed."

"Ha! will you do this?" said Col.
Thorn, suddenly turning on her and
grasping her wrist in his vehemence till
she almost screamed with pain. "Will
you go farther? Will you promise to be
mine? I will take you at your word. I
ask this. Promise, and Capt. Elwyn is
free."

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE PRESENT STATE OF ROME.—
"Rome," says a correspondent writing
from the Eternal City, "is in a state of
squalor and melancholy difficult to de-
scribe. The streets are deserted as those
of Pompeii, while the few people who
remain are pallid, and move about al-
most as if deprived of strength. It ap-
pears as if one were entering a vault
where respiration is a labor. The air
is full of miasma and of exhalations,
heavy and fetid, which the first rains
have raised from the Tiber, and which
hang like a cloud over the city. Close
and hot during the night, the atmos-
phere seems to be poisoned. The chol-
era rages violently, the number of cases
being from forty to sixty per day."

It was Kelly who planned the escape
of Stephens from Richmond prison, at
Dublin. It is said that after the famous
escape, the British Government offered
him \$25,000 to give up the Head Cen-
tre. "Any rise on the last bid?" said
Kelly. "Not a penny more." "Then,
as a business man, I consider that I can
make more out of Stephens by saving
him," was the answer, and a week after
the Head Center was spirited out of an
Irish port, and made his way to Amer-
ica.

THE way it is done in Utah: At a
late Tabernacle meeting, one of the
Mormon Elders read off a list of young
Mormons of various trades and occu-
pations who had been selected to go into
the southern part of the Territory and
found a new settlement. They were or-
dered to find themselves plenty of wives,
and start.